
**

[1]

ITT: Creepy true things we did, or were told we did as a child.

- >Be 2-3 years old.
- >Moms out somewhere with sister.
- >Dads asleep in his bed.
- >Middle of the night
- >Apparently I somehow got out of bed, (which was one of those toddler beds thats just a step up from a crib)
- >Go to the kitchen, garage, all over the house.
- >Collect every sharp object we own. Knives, scissors, razors, etc.
- >Methodically arrange them on my fathers bed while he was sleeping.
- >Mom comes home and finds her kid in her room surrounded by knives while my father was asleep.
- >I'm told I did not give any explanation.

Stories 100% true, everyone in my family has heard it. I did other things with knives growing up, apparently I always hid them around my room and playroom but I have no memory of this nor do I know why I did.

[2]

Supposedly when I was really little I got a hold of a glass cup and banged it on the floor repeatedly.

Mom says I was bleeding a lot but didn't cry or anything.

[3]

- >be 6 months maybe a year
- >mom is 16 and works at subway so we lived at her moms (my grandma)
- >grandpa is supposed to be watching me while everyone works
- >says he fell asleep with me on his bed while watching a movie
- > he wakes up and I'm not there
- >he looks all over the house a neighborhood for 2 hours before calling my mom
- >mom comes home and has to get pictures of me from closet to take to police so she can file a report
- >she grabs her purse that she placed on her bed and touches my head
- >she screams because I wasn't there second ago
- >rest of family comes and is like WTF
- > grandpa says my clothes were different than when he went to sleep

to this day I don't know what happened but my mom hardly talks about it and my grandpa hasn't spoken to me ever since that happened. he won't even be in the same room with me

[4]

- >middle school and high school
- >hated everything
- >would often wake up during the night
- >knowingly go into the kitchen to get the big knife
- >walk into each of my family member's rooms
- >stare at them, thinking how easy it would be to kill them
- >after making my rounds, eventually put knife back
- >go back to sleep

Over a decade later, and I'm on much better terms with my

family. I have issues empathizing with them and others, though. Never told anybody I loved them, much less had more than a "what can I get out of this" angle. I try to be a good person. I dunno.

>muh contribution

[5]

- > be young (3-6)
- > grandfather died the day I was supposed to be born
- > spend my youth telling my mother "when I was your dad ..."
- > rattle off facts that I had no business knowing (names of dogs, retelling stories from when he was in court facing perjury, etc)

also

- > be 6
- > family is going through a rough patch financially
- > be normal hyperactive child
- > stop what I'm doing, eyes roll back into my head, start repeating numbers
- > grandma has dream eventually
- > my grandfather tells her to stop being stupid, play the numbers
- > win \$10000, no more financial problems

[6]

I've got one, completely true in every way.

>Be around 5 years old

- >Have dreams about a blue house
- >Huge tree stump in dream by house
- >Touch it and an ant crawls on my hand
- >Freak out and it bites me
- >Cry in dream
- >I wake up

5 years later

- >Tell mom about dream
- >She looks at me weird
- >Anon.. When I was a little girl.. I was playing on a stump, and an ant bit me, it was at that blue house remember? Your grandpa's house.
- >WHATTHEHELL.JPG
- >Never talk about it again

TL;DR I inherited my mothers memories. What the heck.

[7]

I was born for this thread.

- >Be infant
- >Maybe six months or so, old enough to crawl, not talk, idk
- >Mother is home with me, leaves me in bed to answer the phone
- >She comes back, can't find me anywhere
- >Starts freaking out, calls father home from work
- >Search house, call neighbors for help, etc
- >Find me over an hour later sitting naked in the fireplace just staring
- >there's a picture somewhere but I don't have it and also I'm naked so I won't post it
- >always swears she saw a face in the fireplace across from me
- >Never saw it

Also

- >be young
- >old enough to be able to barely talk, can say just a few words
- >sitting in front of TV
- >point at picture of the Earth during some opening theme song
- >"Home!"
- >Mother freaks out
- >Apparently no earthly way I ever would have known that

I'm skeptical, think my mom is just kind of insane, but you know. Dozens of similar stories in that house/from that woman.

[8]

- >Be 3.
- Crawling/ walking/tumbling around the house.
- >manage to get onto my dad's work table.
 - >Grab this tube shaped thing.
 - >begin licking it.
 - >mom comes in awhile later.
 - >Freaks out.
 - >I was drawing on some piece of paper with what appeared to be spilt ink.
- I was licking a sharpener and drawing stuff with my blood.

[9]

OP again, not trying to steal your mojo bro but you made me remember something.

- >Christmas 1993, I was 4.
- >I didn't get to open up my gifts cus I was being pissy or

something.

> Mom at the bottom of the basement steps, walking up.

> I throw a hammer (That I don't know where I got, nor does she) at her face.

> Knocks her out cold.

> mfw, I sent my mother to the hospital on Christmas with a concussion.

[10]

When I was like 4 mom says I use to chase a ball of light around the house and asking them if they see it to...and that I would also tell her that I talk to a bearded man all the time.. She is very catholic so she took it as Jesus or my grandfather that died in that same house

[11]

> be sixish

> mother sitting on computer, playing DOS games or something

> Sees me in my favorite dress suddenly standing behind computer

> I started screaming

> Mother jumps out of her skin

> Looks back up at me

> Plot twist: I was in school

> Mother rushes to my school

> Calls me down to the office

> I'm wearing the same dress

> Asks me why I'm wearing it instead of what she sent me in that day

> Tell her that is what she dressed me in

> Pulls me out of school for the day

My sister also used to sleepwalk. She would wake up and tell my mother some insane stories, communicating perfectly with her before going back to bed. That was always weird.

[12]

I'd watch Unsolved Mysteries as a kid with my parents, I was about four or five, and when they'd show artist renderings of aliens I'd apparently look to my mom and say "That's not what they look like" in a weird tone and then go into detail of what they'd actually looked like. She still claims it was the scariest stuff she's ever experienced.

[13]

I also used to sleepwalk as a kid. We had a pool with a gate around it, apparently my aunt was staying with us for a while, I was probably 5 and she was 19 I'm bad with ages, she came home late and apparently found me poolside, walking around the pool. I'd reached over the gate, undone the latch and started walking around the pool.

As far as I can recall my sleepwalking didn't last much longer after that, but that's the closest it got to danger.

Also I fell out of a moving car as an infant or toddler. I was in the passenger seat and my derpish mother hadn't secured me quite so well. Nor was the door completely closed. She made a turn and I tumbled out. I was picked up by the guy driving the semi-truck behind her. Close call.

[14]

I have a few, I was a really creepy child. These all took place when I was between 2-5.

1) My mom tells me I was a really scared little kid. Every night I would cry and have panic attacks and tell her about the "people" in my room. As I got older and learned more words I called them ghosts. (2-3)

2) I drew cages around everything. This creeped out my mom a lot. I vaguely remember the sense of dark satisfaction it gave me, I was fascinated by the idea of removing freedom. I did this for a lot of my early youth (2-5)

3) I had a painting of flowers in my room. It was cute really, just pastel flowers. It terrified me. I would hysterically beg my mom to take it away because I couldn't stand the "faces" in it. I remember seeing these monstrous, demented faces amidst the flowers, that were either human and very angry or almost demonic and highly disturbing. I was 3.

[15]

I didn't have stuff to the level of you guys, but I saw faces in the walls too. Also, someone used to stare at me from the corner of my door whenever I woke up, I remember screaming for it to go away. I also remember believing that it was my father or mother, even though it looked nothing like them and that they also denied that it was them. It went away whenever I opened the door though and my parents were always downstairs, It still felt like a parent to me, though.

There was also the time I tripped balls out of nowhere and

actually believed that the floor was lava.

Only other thing that I remember was waking up one night when sleeping next to my mother, rolling out of bed and seeing some shadow creature coming towards me, with bright white eyes, it extended its hands towards me, I ran back to my mother and woke her up and it was gone.

[16]

I once painted the entire walls of my stair case when I was like seven, I remember parts of it, specifically doing it in my room too and using a lollipop stick to do it on the staircase.

I guess the only paranormal thing about it is how I was able to cover parts of my bedroom and the entire walls of the staircase. It was like an entire wall top to bottom.

I'm not even kidding, either. My mother mentions it from time to time whenever we discuss my childhood, since I was a good child except for that one day, which she brings up to show me how "bad I was"

Also, I don't remember this bit, but my mother claims she got so pissed off when she caught me, that she tried to choke me out and strangle me to death. My aunt had to stop her.

[17]

Weirdest that happened to me was sleeping walking, With my door locked. I always slept walked so I would lock my bedroom door(that'll do the trick herpderp) and apparently one time when I was the only one at home sleeping still my way older cousins

came to town and needed me to open the door for them they said they called and I didn't say a word after they said there were here I just hung up and walked out of my room through upstairs livingroom, down stairs to first floor, through the hallway to the door. Let them in and walked all the way back to my room without lookin at them or saying a word. They said they were talking to me too. No recollection of it at all

[18]

- >Highschool years
- >Morning
- >Mom walks into my room to wake me up.
- >Alarm clock doesn't work sometimes.
- >Says that when she told me to wake up I sat up and made a weird face and laid back down.
- >Remember nothing.(Light sleeper)

My older brother used to sleepwalk so I guess it was really odd for them to mention it to me.

[19]

when I was six I had one week in which I couldnt fall asleep When I looked to my window, It was bigger, open and some person was coming in throught it. He stopped when he was inside, looked at me and started talking. But it was like different language, I couldnt understand him.

First few nights I was totally shocked.

Last night I was like "Oh yeah it is the same dream I am having these days" And I tried to tell him "I dont understand you" but I couldnt talk, like if there were no air in me and no mouth which I could open.

From that time I have problems to fall asleep, when I was younger I was taking things that meant something for me to bed so that they will protect me.

Also another weird thing is that I always had vague dreams. And I remember only a few moments of my dream. But this looked so REAL I remember that dream to this day.

[20]

>Five years old, mild mannered kid, on vacation with family at Gettysburg

>We come up to the site of one of the major battles

>I flip out, start screaming bloody murder, run away in opposite direction

>Parents yell at me to stop, my dad has to physically catch me before I make it to the road

A family friend went on a ghost tour there a couple years ago. His EMF doohickey went nuts at the site where I lost it. Apparently it's supposedly one of the most haunted places there.

[21]

>be 6

>in car with ma and stepdad

>Stepdad says something about "when I die.."

>"Oh yeah? that'll be soon!" (Because I was a jerk of a kid, obviously)

>three weeks later he dies in a plane crash

I was supposed to go with him, too. He was a pilot doing a joy flight and was gonna take me up with him, but I freaked out for no real reason and absolutely refused to.

[22]

- >be 9
- >go in some kind of field trip with aunt, for some reason
- >pass by a strangely familiar street
- >spot this house that looks exactly like the one from what I thought was a dream
- >say "hey, I remember this place!"
- >aunt answers "nope, we've never been here before"
- >point at said house and say "course we have, we even had dinner at that restaurant"
- >the place is closed, so we go ask the folks next door
- >turns out it used to be a restaurant like 20 years before
- >nope.mp3

[23]

This one isn't me, but a story a good friend recently told me. I'll retell it in first person.

- >Be five
- >Be loner type kid with only one real friend in pre-school, we'll call her "Kate"
- >Eating dinner with family one night, I suddenly get sullen
- >"I'll never see Kate again"
- >It's the end of the school year, mom thinks this is what I mean
- >"No honey, you'll see her next year."
- >"I'll never see Kate again"
- >"We'll pick her up and have her over this summer, I promise."
- >"I'll never see Kate again."
- >Finish dinner, go upstairs
- >A couple hours later mother finds me crying in bed

>Kate got run over by a drunk driver

[24]

I'll contribute

- >Dad remarries
- >Has another son
- >At this time I'm 17 brother was 5
- >Stay at dads house on weekends while I was still at school
- >Step mum used to see shadows n all that
- >Goes to physic with little brother
- >Says HE SEE's THEM TOO rah rah rah ghost whisperer
- >Clearly I'm skeptical
- >Little bro wants to sleep in my bed with me
- >Okay dude
- >Starting to fall asleep when my little brother sits up staring towards the corner of the room
- >I just look at him and whisper wtf are u doing
- >He just shooshs me and tells me "Harry doesn't like you"
- >"DAD!!!! GET IN HERE"
- >Dads room is just across the hallway
- >Dad bursts in
- >Get this creepy dude out of here, he's seeing things and talking to nothing
- >Wig out and watch t.v the rest of the night creeped out

[25]

- >be 4/5 years old
- >dream a red-eyed black dog chases me through a fire
- >great grandma dies a week later
- >think nothing of it

- >have exactly the same dream about 10 years later
- >grandad dies a week later
- >still think nothing of it
- >round a friends house, reading book on ghosts and spectres
- >see perfect drawing of the dog from my dream
- >read it's an omen of death and often seen followed by or near fire
- >mfw

[26]

- >be younger, asleep and sharing room with big sister
- >later, dad comes upstairs to go to the toilet
- >sees brother in the middle of our bedroom
- >asks him what he's doing
- >brother doesn't say anything, gets taken back to his bed
- >me and sister not aware of any of it

my brother had panic attacks in his sleep, used to get up and run about the landing like the place was on fire or something.

[27]

- >Be 6 or so
- >Have a horrible stomach ache (I seriously _never_ have them)
- >Next morning mom comes and tells my siblings and I our grand-grandmother is dead

And later

- >Now 8
- >Killer stomach ache again
- >You guessed it - mom walks in our bedroom in the morning

and tells us our grandmother from her side is dead

I've also seen a green ghostly figure floating through our window in the middle of the night, staring at me and my friend on the floor and then disappearing. I thought it was a dream until my friend said he saw it too and HE thought it was a dream.

[28]

- >Be between 5 and 6
- >Have dream of man in blue and yellow striped pajamas in hospital bed
- >Talk to mum about it, explain the hospital room and his clothing
- >That's what my grandpa was wearing and what the hospital room looked like when he died before I was born

ALSO

- >Be 9
- >Have dream about land reserve behind house being on fire
- >2 days later receive letter from local council announcing preventative burn-off in land reserve

[29]

- >be 3 years old
- >have weird dream of my dead grandma and other family members in my kitchen
- > look into my room, pitch black
- >red eyes out of no where in my room
- >black arms come and drag me slowly into room while I scream

- >dead grandma just laughs at me
- >wtf homie dont play that
- >walk to the door
- >get on the floor
- >everyone do the dinosaur

[30]

- >be 4
- >After 4th of July
- >be still hearing explosions, haven't spoken in a week, but my parents think nothing of it I guess
- >My dad finally is like okaywtf.jpg
- >comes to my room, finds a notebook with the pages all colored different warm colors
- >begins to say something
- >I tell him I cant hear him
- >go to doctor
- >nothing wrong with ears
- >another 2 days of me not hearing anything but explosions
- >dad tells great grandpa
- >grandpa tells him story about Battle of the Somme(ten-day-long artillery barrage on American forces in WWI Germany)
- >dad goes back home
- >I've started different colors now, all colors of paper, taken up 4 notebooks
- >another day, I start drawing lines on the paper
- >next day, put papers together, image of the battle
- >my dad NOPEs, my mom wants me to see a psychic with my grandpa
- >psychic tells my grandpa to tell me the story of the battle
- >I start hearing again as he begins telling the story

Anyone have any idea what my deal was?

[31]

- > Be about 12-13
- > Always be interested in "horror" and the "paranormal"
- > Probably because Mother was raised by my hedge-witch type

Grandmother

- > Whatever
- > Be interested in the general occult around this time
- > Reading about dreams and such
- > Know Mother does amateur interpretations for her friends and such
- > Ask my Mother about some dream I had (can't remember)
- > She refused to interpret
- > WTFthataintcool.jpg
- > Really don't push it
- > Start having dreams about being in an open field and doors opening in the sky
- > Ask Mother again
- > She refuses
- > Pester her about it over the next few weeks
- > Finally caves
- > Says when I was younger I had very, very strange dreams even as a child
- > Takes me to her Mother (my maternal grandmother)
- > Grandmother says to leave me with her for the day while Mother does errands and such
- > Mother comes back to find my Grandmother on porch, shaking, smoking a cigarette
- > Grandmother tells Mother that I (I was around 4) can "do what she does" but "something is wrong"
- > Grandmother tells Mother to never talk to me about my dreams
- > Mother - even being raised by this woman - is a bit skeptical
- > Grandmother tells her that her husband (my Father) has been sleeping with another woman
- > Says I told her that
- > Not that I dreamed it, that I bluntly told her "[my father's

name] is sleeping with Licia."

- > I never spent time with my Father; he was always "at work"
- > Always call him by his first name
- > Mother doesn't believe Grandmother
- > Takes me home
- > When I'm six, finds out my Father was sleeping with a woman named "Licia" from Argentina

- > I've never met Licia
- > I have no memory of this event

- > Mother and Grandmother will actually plug ears and leave the room if I'm around them and begin talking about a dream
- > Grandmother only ever says "[my] dreams bring bad things."

- > Wat.

[32]

Apparently, when I was 2, my grandfather was building a desk. After he finished it, he went to make lunch, and left me watching TV. I found a screwdriver, disassembled the desk, and went back to watching TV. He came back and started yelling, so I just got up, completely quiet, and put the desk back together piece by piece in 5 minutes.

In the parts of my life I can remember, I have never been able to assemble anything. Lego sets with a guide book are too complex for me, and yet 3 people watched me master the desk. I blame carpentry ghosts.

[33]

- >be 12/13
- >everyday for roughly 4 months I would wake up at exactly three am
- >I remember looking at the end of my bed just as 2:59 turned to 3:00
- >Then I would immediately look to my right at my door
- >standing there would be what appeared to be a grim reaper, only instead of being black it was a pure white entity
- >it didn't emanate any light, it just existed as a solid mass
- >Would stare at it for roughly an hour until getting the courage to turn my bedside light on
- >Disappeared in the light
- >My parents told me it was probably just light from the outside hallway coming in from under my door
- >no idea what that was or why it happened

[34]

- >be 3 years old
- >wake up in the middle of the night crying/screaming my sisters name
- >my mom tries to confort
- >it's not working
- >suddenly I scream
- >THE PHONE!!!
- >the phone rings
- >it was from the hospital my sister was there
- >calm down and ask mom what happened
- >we both freak out
- >she had a car accident

my guess is that I made an unconscious astral projection.

[35]

- >be 9 or 10
- >spend a lot of time playing in the house and in my room
- >sister and I make up an alphabet and a language
- >hate parents for childish reasons
- >wish we had other parents
- >convince ourselves we have alien parents
- >convince ourselves for a long time
- >one day while entering our bedroom I see something on the bedroom closet door
- >the doorknob had a face
- >I call my sister to see what I am seeing
- >she sees it
- >the both of us cower in the stairway
- >it all ended when I told her to bugger off with the alien parents crap
- >I doubt she even remembers it
- >nobody seems to remember their childhoods like I do

[36]

- >Be six
- >Very attached to my grandfather, was like me father
- >Went to his house every weekend, lived with him in summer
- >He died very suddenly
- >A week goes by
- >There is a hole in the middle of my basement wall, sort of like a crawlspace but large
- >Tell my mom that that is where Grandpa lives now
- >Tell her I visit him there sometimes

I didn't remember telling her that. I remembered my grandpa though.

Here's another:

- >Have horrible blood-curdling graphic nightmares when I was 4-7 years old
- >Would cry cuz I didn't wanna go to sleep at night
- >Dreams no young kid should have with no way of me knowing what that sort of thing would look like
- >Rapes
- >Grisly murders with tools (screwdrivers, plyers)
- >Tortures
- >Decapitations
- >My mom said I would wake up screaming and would claw my face, arms and legs till blood was everywhere
- >Said I babble gibberish in what sounded like two voices
- >Never remembered it in the mornings

That feel.

[37]

Throw in a couple of mine

- >Between the ages of about 2-5, I can remember seeing this creature in my bedroom.
- >Some weird form of Yoda creature with yellow eyes, sitting across the bed from me.
- >It used to push me down, head first, into my pillow.
- >Held my head down so I couldn't breathe.
- >Would bite at the back, punch my back, did stuff to...well, my arse.
- >Got so bad that I had to sleep in my bathtub after Mum and Dad would put me to bed.
- >Convinced itself it was just a nightmare.
- >I'm now 21 and can't have a relationship because if I wake up and see someone next to me, I think it's this creature, freak out and start crying.

Later found out my real dad raped me and beat the living crap out

of me, trying to asphyxiate me because he was into that. Those dreams stopped when he moved out, and it was my mind's way of blotting out the fact it was my dad and replacing it with a demon, something that I could hate and fear.

I dunno, it was explained to me why my brain processed it as that, and I can't ever see my dad in the memories (I have pretty good memory - I can remember my little sister being born, she's 18 now).

Oh yeah, Dad left when I was five years old.

Anyway, couple more stories.

- >Meet my now step-dad when I was six.
- >Start to have weird dreams.
- >I'm in a trial, standing and waiting for something to happen.
- >List of crimes are being thrown off.
- >War-crimes and crap.
- >Stay in a cell for a few nights.
- >I'm then put onto a stand and a rope is put around my neck.
- >I start to say something in German, can't for the life of me remember what.
- >Tell my family about this dream when I hit 12.
- >Apparently, my step-dad is related to Wilhelm Keitel. Something like his great-nephew, or his great-great nephew.

[38]

- >Said I heard voices when I was 8
- >They were in my head telling me to do "bad things"
- >Said that when I told them I wouldn't do it, they told me to "shut up"
- >Went to the shrink
- >Don't remember any of it
- >Couldn't remember ANY of that time of my childhood

Here's another:

- >When I was two and my brother was just born, tried to suffocate him
- >Mom woke up to his muffled cries
- >Pillow over his face
- >I was laughing hysterically
- >Was crying so hard from laughter

[39]

- >I truly believe I can see ghosts.
- >I'm lying in bed, trying to get to sleep (later find out I'm an insomniac)
- >Someone says, "Help me."
- >Think it's outside.
- >"Help. Me."
- >Screw that, it's in my room
- >Curl myself into the covers (I'm 15 now)
- >"ANON HELP ME!"
- >The girl starts screaming.
- I yell out, "SHUT UP, SHUT UP! GO AWAY! GO AWAY!"
- >Go to school the next morning.
- >A good friend of mine killed herself.

Last one.

- >Few years ago.
- >Have to get up early for morning for college.
- >Look in my room.
- >Some fat dude, pretty much naked is in my bedroom.
- >He's having a fit, can't breath, vomit coming from his throat.
- >I think I'm in a nightmare, but not THAT nightmare, so let it go.
- >Scream from outside wakes me up.
- >Recognize it as the voice of some annoying girl on my street.

- >Go down to make sure she's okay.
- >She lets me in (She's 12).
- >Dad had a heart attack that morning. He's a fat dude who always sat around his house in a pair of boxers.

[40]

- >by five
- >brother was just born, had to share room
- >I had broken my bed frame somehow, mattress was on floor until frame got fixed
- >middle of the night, wake up
- >feel like being watch
- >roll over, see shadowy thing standing right next to me, half the size of my dresser
- >reminded me of a cartoon cat, all black, two large fully yellow cat-eyes
- >white, sharp-toothed smile spreads across its face, think I hear it say it's gonna eat me
- >nope right out of there, abandon brother for my parents' bed
- >never see it again, but see a large one years later when I ,managed to trick people into helping me summon stuff

>mfw people suck and won't help me with my new summoning circle

[41]

- >have dream
- >in dream, I'm up at a tourist place on the mountain by my city
- >never been to this place before this dream, but see every detail perfect
- >it's night, and I'm overlooking the city below burning. all I see is

black and the alternating color of flames
>suddenly on my street, walking to my burning house
>flag figure completely robed is waiting for me in the middle of the street
>says I can have the power to do this, if I want to have it, all I have to do is ask
>say yes
>something happens, can't remember
>wake up

[42]

When I was younger, I used to talk about a different 'home' a lot. I grew out of it around grade 5 or 6, but I do still remember that second 'home'. I'm putting it in quotation marks because it wasn't really a house or a street or anything, I remember it looking a lot like the way I'd imagine the shire would look, and I remember the whole place was huge but not limitless, there was this like, wall of bushes, around the whole place. You could go in the bushes in a couple places but apparently it was just mazes for miles and miles. I had a mother and father there, and an older brother. I still kinda get homesick for it, even though I know that it's not real now...

[43]

I used to tell people and my mother that I had a brother named 'Adam' that my mother kept in the closet..

Thing is, my mother claimed I told TONS of people, and also my babysitter claimed I told her. I was supposedly telling so many people my mother said she was afraid someone would call Children's services believing it was true.

Funny thing, to this day, I don't remember any of this other than what they told me. I don't remember having this 'imaginary friend' or telling anyone about it/him.

[44]

- >Be five-ish (around there, not sure, this story was told to me by my mom yet again)
- >Mom was out, getting babysat by my older cousin
- >Sitting in her huge, rich house at the dining room table
- >Window overlooked thick woods in the back of her house
- >Very late and dark outside
- >We were coloring in books
- >I was sitting facing the window and she was sitting facing me, her back to window
- >I started laughing hysterically
- >Looking behind her at the window
- >I point and say "look at that funny clown"
- >She turns
- >Sees nothing
- >I laugh and laugh

[45]

Might as well tell my story.

- >4 years old, dreaming that I am in a field at night
- >there is a group of people nearby, talking, smiling and laughing
- >to the right of them is a large, octagonal stone fountain.
- >at the ground on each of its eight sides is a rectangular hole, like a grave.
- >I peer into one of the "graves" and see a beige cloth stretched

from one end to another, though it sags like a hammock.
>I look past the cloth and see my bedroom, with morning light
shining through the window and my body sleeping in the bed
>I lean forward, pass the cloth, fall onto my body, and wake up

I'm obsessed with this one event in my life. I keep wanting to go
back to the apartment that it happened in, and I have a folder
with sketches of what I saw in the dream.

[46]

- >be 12
- >family on vacation in Charleston SC
- >decide to visit fort sumter
- >Foreboding feeling all day
- >flip out at the dock
- >parents need to literally drag me out of the car
- >felt physically ill the entire time there
- >cold sweat and my head spinning
- >can't tell if just imagining cannon fire and shouting
- >once back in Charleston, feel fine.

we had tried to go to that fort once before, but I freaked out
that time as well, and caused us to miss the ferry. maybe there
was just too many memories of the dead saturated there, I don't
know.

[47]

- >be 5ish
- >playing with a boy my age and a girl a few years older than us
- >I'm the bad guy, so I kidnap her and the other boy has to come
rescue her

- >it comes to me the idea to tie her up to a chair
- >take a belt which I used to dress up (I really liked to dress up in disguises, like cowboy, pirate or power ranger) and tie her hands to the back of the chair
- >I'm sexually aroused, and a bit confused.
- >she's not pleased
- >it arouses me even more
- >I try to gag her mouth with a handkerchief
- >eventually the other guy comes into the room, and we keep playing as if nothing happened

not in a paranormal way, that's creepy.

[48]

- >be 10
- >have horrible nightmare where im in hell
- >people are chained to random walls jutting up from the ash covered ground
- >theyre screaming in agony
- >out of the flames a nail flies into my forehead and puts me down
- >wake up
- >reach for forehead and feel a nail sticking out
- >if fades away
- >nope.jpg myself back to sleep

[49]

I was 8 years old (was in second grade when it happened, so I would have been 8). During a thunderstorm I apparently went missing for an hour or so around 10 pm. They checked every room in the house at least twice before they started running

around the neighborhood trying to find me. 10 minutes after they got back, they found me in my bed asleep on my back (when I usually sleep on my side facing the wall).

I have absolutely no recollection of this event. And I have near perfect memory, I'm able to remember things that most people usually forget as they age (smells, eye colors, field trips from Kindergarten, etc). I simply do not remember this evening and call them liars whenever they bring it up but they swear that's what happened. And I believe they're telling the truth, I just don't know what to make of it.

[50]

- >Be 8, little sister's 4
- >Sleeping in parents bed because my room did and still does terrify me
- >Wake up at about 3 am, parents are still downstairs partying or whatever
- >Sisters face is covered in blood, so is her pillow and the blankets
- >Start doodling in the blood, continue for about an hour before getting my dad
- >Can't remember what I drew the next day, ask him
- >He won't tell me
- >Ask him again a few days ago (I'm 20 now)
- >Still won't tell me

And another.

- >Be 4, mom's pregnant
- >Have a dream about a man in a blue plaid shirt missing half his face
- >Tell her about it, she tells me it was just a dream (I had a lot of messed up nightmares as a kid)
- >Many years later, find out that my sister is really my half-

sister and her real dad recently died

>He was in a car wreck that tore off half his head

>Ask what he was wearing for a reason I don't remember at all

>"His favorite shirt, I think it was blue plaid"

>Mfw I dreamed of him dead years before he died the SAME WEEK my sister was born

[51]

>Be 4 years old

>Christmas, my dad has died that November, my mom six months before

>Having xmas at my grandparents, they have their old man friend dress up like santa and come over

>He hands me candy canes to hand out to everyone there

>still to this day, distinctly remember asking my dad if he wanted one, as he was seated on the piano bench

>that's impossible though, because that was the only christmas santa came over and my dad had just passed but

>I was a kid

I kind of feel sentimental about it now, and have had other experiences in my life where I have felt like my dad was reaching out to me or trying to contact me. I'm 21 now, btw, and I dunno why it's mostly my dad and never my mom but this story still weirds out my aunt (who adopted me).

[52]

>Be five - six

>Be coming home from school

>Kiss my Mom on the cheek and do my usual routine of eating a snack then heading to my room for a nap

- >Be in my room
- >Fall asleep looking at a painting I had hanged
- >Have some-kind of nightmare that I was the cause of thousands of deaths
- >Hear vivid screams of agony
- >Wake up in a cold sweat
- >Nope out of there to my Mom
- >"Mom, there's a man in my room that's trying to touch me!"
- >Mom goes Super Sayian and heads upstairs with me
- >"Anon, there's no-one in your room - Don't scare me like that."
- >Wtf just happened

Also, allow me to add that after I woke up some kind of force was compelling me to jump out of a window. I luckily snapped out of it. Another interesting thing that happened was that "the man" phrase I blurted out to my Mom was nothing I thought of. It all came out by itself.

[53]

This isn't that creepy, but it seems like an odd memory.

- >Be in kindergarten.
- >Playing during recess.
- >I liked to play around in the back of the playground, it was really overgrown, had lots of trees, really easy too hide from people.
- >I was crawling around on the ground looking for cool rocks or something.
- >I find a big old piece of broken black glass.
- >It looked like it was from a vase of some kind and was quite sharp.
- >So I'm messing around with this piece of glass.
- >I don't remember what led up too this, but I threw it at a tree for some reason.
- >It bounces of the tree and hits me in the face.
- >I didn't seem hurt so I think "whatever" and go play on the

swings.

>The teacher runs up to me and freaks out, asking "what happened".

>I don't have a clue what she is talking about.

>Apparently I had a huge gash in my forehead that I didn't notice, and I was bleeding all over myself.

>I don't recall feeling any pain or noticing any blood.

[54]

>be 10 or so

>mom finds letter in my backpack

>crude, vulgar, rambling about killing people

>typed, with handwritten notes in margins

>I have no idea what it is

>I have no access to a computer

>we never mention it again

[55]

When I was a kid I used to pretend that I was talking to the devil and making pacts and stuff, I used to talk in a demonic voice when my parents weren't home. One day I asked for a cat and next day a stray cat appeared in my backyard, I'm serious, and to make it even worse, the cat was black, all black.

Never again.

[56]

My gf and I were chilling on the couch at her parents house... talking about random things about her childhood, etc. Her mom comes in and says "anonette, have you told him(me) about Charlie yet?".

I immediately light up at the thought of an embarrassing story, but my girlfriend, she started to look rather uncomfortable. The mom proceeded to explain anyway. The story went like this:

Girlfriend is about 4-5 years old I think it was, she got a new doll for her birthday or something. One of those big ones. Girlfriend was tiny at the time, and could fit into the box of the doll. Apparently she would climb into the box, and freeze up and stay in there, just like a doll herself until the mom would open up the box and pull her out. Once pulled out, she would pretend to be somebody else. Somebody by the name of 'Charlie'. A name of none of her family members or friends. Possibly something she'd seen on TV, or a name that was read to her in a book or something.

Anyway, this continued for weeks apparently, and she would just do weird things. It was as if she had altered her mind somehow and truly believed she was this 'Charlie' thing. The mom said how as Charlie, the girl would eat foods she never liked, draw different pictures, and act differently around her 2 older brothers. She would only snap out of it when put into the box and taken out again.

Here's the creepy part. One day the mom heard a knock on the door. She opened up to see my her daughter standing there with a blank expression (she must have gotten outside from around the back of the house). The girl said "Where is anonette? (her real name)". The mom replied "I dont know, maybe we should go find her? Why are you looking for her?" Or something to that effect. Apparently 'Charlie' replied, "I want to kill her."

It was then that the mom decided this game had gone too far, and stopped indulging in it anymore until Charlie stopped showing up.

Creeps me out though.

[57]

I have a little story for you.

When I was ~3 years old, I was home alone with my mother, dad was working. It was dark outside, and we watched tv in our living room.

I asked my mother who this man was and why he was watching us. she can't see anybody and asked me which man. I said the man in the hall, he is watching us. She looked in every room but couldn't find anyone, so we continued watching tv.

Some minutes later, I said to her: "Mom, he is watching us again."

My mother got really scared and asked me to describe the man. I told her how he looked like: brown hairs, tall, a blue cap,...

On the next day she found out our neighbor died last evening in a skiing accident, and my description fit perfectly to him. It scared the crap out of her.

I can't remeber anything of this, but my mother told me about it, and how she couldn't sleep alone for weeks.

[58]

When I was younger, we lived in this funky house that actually used to be a small church. The bottom floor was concrete, and the entire house had no insulation, so winters were miserable, and

summers were almost dangerous.

In this house, in the living room, the ceiling was slanted, and went up a small ways. Near the top there was one of those gold hooks that you hang plants from.

Apparently, when I was a baby (small enough to need carrying), whenever they carried me in/out/near the room, they had to hold me in a way where I wouldn't see that corner of the ceiling. If I were to see the ceiling, I would start panicking, screaming uncontrollably, and try to tear my way out of my parents arms. I guess this went on for about a year until my dad (who doesn't believe in paranormal things), yelled at the corner demanding that whatever was there is not welcome in our house.

[59]

One to do with me, from my mom.

>Be about 7 years old, great grandmother has just passed away
>There's a knock at the door
>I go running to the door, nothing unusual for me
>Mom follows me to the door to see who it is
>She sees nobody, walks away from the door
>I apparently keep asking her if she saw the old lady at the door
>She nopes
>Tells me about it years later

[60]

Nothing much has happened to me, apart from apparently telling my mum I kept seeing a "lady in black" in our bathroom when I was younger.

[61]

I wouldn't necessarily say it's creepy, more odd, but here you go.

When I was a kid (around 8-10) I would hear a woman calling me or saying my name sometimes. It was always the same woman and when I would try to go to her I would realize that I didn't know where she was, then realize that she wasn't really anywhere.

Also, I have a bad time with stuff falling/shifting and so on around me. Normally it's dishes in the sink making an overly dramatic amount of noise. I've had this happen with things that have been in place for anywhere from a couple days to as long as I could remember. Some of them were in places where people could have bumped into them ie stacks of boxes, trash cans, etc and others were in places where nothing would touch them like hanging on the wall or in cabinets.

[62]

- >In the house my grandfather committed suicide
- >Parents decide to stay the night with my grandmother
- >Can't sleep at all that night, see police car lights flashing outside
- >Police men walking up and down the stairs, talking quietly
- >Tell parents in the morning
- >They look at me confusedly, saying nothing like that happened at all

I honestly believe I saw the night my grandfather died, I'm not sure if I did or not but...seemed to make a lot of sense as I got older.

[63]

When I was a kid, I used to have lots of sleepovers at my relatives' houses. A lot of my aunts and cousins would comment on how they would wake up in the middle of the night and see/hear me pacing all around the house. According to them, I would occasionally stop to stare at the sleeping figures of others, or just sit, completely still, on the couch in the basement and mutter incomprehensible things to myself.

[64]

When I was younger I cut all the hair off of one of my sisters barbies and then used finger nail polish remover to take her face off and buried her in my back yard.

[65]

>be about three years old
>living in my grandparents house because my parents were poor
>have a habit of getting out of bed and wandering around the house at night
>turn a corner to go down a long hallway with a bunch of family photos in the walls
>see this pale dude looking at the pictures with a faint smile on his face
>he turns to me and gives me a sincere grin and waves at me
>wave nervously back
>he turns back to look at the pictures a bit more before he vanishes

My guess is that it was the dude who owned the house before my grandparents did. Probably wanted to see how the house was doing and who was living there before he moved on.

[66]

When I was young, I remember my Mom getting really scared one day and installing a bolt lock on our front door. I never understood why until she told me when I was much older. Apparently, one night she heard slamming noises down the hall and jumped up to see what was happening. She came into my room and I was sitting in the closet opening and slamming the door while I was sleeping. She picked me up and put me back in bed and I didn't get back up.

Another night, she said she saw me run out of my room and across the hall and into the hallway closet. Then she started hearing the slamming again, so she ran over and put me back in bed. Apparently she was afraid I was going to run out of the house one night, so she got a bolt lock installed on the inside.

On several occasions, she saw me run out of my room, and she ran to catch me, but found that I was still sleeping in bed. I probably wouldn't have believed her if something similar hadn't happened to me. I was laying in bed and saw her pass by my room and into my brothers room next door, so I got up to ask her for some water, but when I walked into his room, there was nobody there. I looked down the hall and saw her still sleeping in her bed. Bricks were shat and I bolted down the hall and into her bed.

[67]

My parents have a video of me when I was like 3-4 on the verge of tears trying to get my mom to release all the germs from the vacuum. I argue with her for a couple of minutes until I notice my own shadow, totally calm down and just stare at it. I think this was also the time we lived in a house where some lady died in my room before we moved in.

[68]

One day when I was seven, in art class, I drew a dude hanging himself from a tree, and the teacher got angry at me and called my parents.

[69]

I used to draw pictures of headless children, just standing. They weren't beheaded, but I would draw their bodies and leave no room to draw heads or faces at the top of the page. I also would draw people getting eaten by animals.

Not super scary, but weird, and I stopped when relatives commented on how strange it was.

[70]

I've told this story before but here it is again: When I was about five, six, my uncle was getting a divorce, he visited our house to talk to my parents. He said how he could feel the spirits of his daughters in the room, telling him not to do it.

I wander out of my bedroom, into the discussion and say the girls want him to stay married. When pressed what girls, I point to the same corner my uncle did and say how they're sitting up there on the china cabinet, but you can't see them. Then I wander back to bed and promptly forget the whole thing.

There's no way I could have known my uncle was getting divorced. I was a stupid kid, I didnt even know that marriage/divorce was a thing, but that's a thing that happened I am told.

Less spooky: While walking to school I have my mum stop, I point down a street and say "The holy spirit lives down that street" and continue walking.

[71]

- >used to play with my toys normally
- >like making sound effects and dialogue out loud
- >one day out of the blue I decided it was better to just imagine the sounds in my head
- >my mom realizes I have suddenly gone silent
- >runs in
- >I am completely silent and blank faced, playing with my toys violently
- >"How about we just go to the park, Anon..."

- >a little older
- >grandpa has recently died
- >staying with grandma
- >wake up in middle of night
- >can clearly hear heavy footsteps down hallway, jangling keys, and doors opening
- >my kid brain instantly rationalizes this as grandpa coming home late from work like he always did on weekends

- >grandma wakes up too, asks me what was the noise
- >"oh grampy came home"
- >grandma freaks out and calls my dad because she's convinced its a burgular
- >no sign of anyone coming in
- >keys are moved though
- >sometime later
- >playing with my dollies
- >reenacting some sci fi movie my dad was watching
- >mom walks in to find me, again silent, tying a Ken to the wire mesh on the side of my desk while two dozen nude Barbies danced around
- >complete with the little heart shaped lock from my fluffy unicorn diary
- >am forbidden from watching movies with daddy anymore

I seem to have passed the "creepy little girl" thing on to my niece, who does the Shining demon voice thing when she's misbehaving and insists it's the "bad baby" who makes her do it.

[71]

- >when I was very small grandma had this fantastic skull in her Halloween decorations
- >solid dark heavy metal
- >has a snake winding through it
- >life size and ridiculously detailed
- >well before this kinda thing was sold in places like Spencers
- >I loved this skull and insisted she put it out each year
- >it looked so out of place with her other super cutesy granny decorations
- >got older and thought about how weird it was
- >super christian granny has this super realistic metal skull
- >still love it and get upset that granny won't display it anymore
- >granny gives it to me along with a bag of odd jewelry because I

won't shut up

>jewelry is mostly very heavy ankhs, pentacles, skulls, bats, etc

>from the 50s/60s, before goth was a thing

>finally think to ask my mom about it

>"Oh yeah granny was a witch before you were born. She just packed it up one day and never talked about it again."

>and granny just up and gave me all this stuff when I was 10?

I still have no idea where she got all this stuff back then or why she stopped. Her house is all crosses and kitschy old lady collectibles now and she gets really offended by anything vaguely occult or raunchy (she censors her own romance novels for instance).

[72]

Apparently I talked to myself a lot at night. My mom would check up on me and I'd be going at it--other times I'd be sound asleep and she wasn't sure where the voices were coming from. That didn't make me very comfortable when she told me that.

[73]

When I got any sort of temperature I'd flip out. I was quite prone to tonsillitis up until about about 17, then I got a dose of glandular fever thankfully and it stopped.

I used to trip off my face, and apparently what I saw most often according to mother dearest was a group of mean people (my words) standing around the room shouting at me that wouldn't leave.

I caused harm to myself a couple of times too, I'm told. Once, my

grandmother found I had bound my arms and wrists together with some random wire. Another time, I cut both my hands open right across that line that goes across your hand, idk what it's called. I do remember the blood from that, though not the cutting itself, and they never found the knife.

But yeah, I still get flashes now 20+ years on that'll send me into a quivering mess. I'd love to know what went on.

[74]

When I was in 8th grade, I came home from school when day to my mom walking around. She looked a bit panicked and asked if I had just gotten home. Obviously I nodded, only to have her eyes get huge in response. She said that she had been taking a nap when she heard me call her. She laid there a bit longer, assuming I had just gotten home--I apparently kept calling her, about 4 more times or so. She finally gets up and opens the door and there's no one there, in fact there's no one anywhere, the house is empty. Upon searching it she couldn't find a thing, only to run into me when I actually did come home from school. Something was copying me, and still could be walking around in the house.

To this day I still have no idea what she heard, it really scared me though. I couldn't stand being home alone after that. That house was just weird.

[75]

I also used to hear my name being called by my mother and it was almost never her (mostly because she called me Snow or Pumpkin something motherly and cute like that). I remember sitting in a room and hearing my name being called over and over

and over and then actually walking into her room and asking her to stop and she would always tell me I was just hearing things.

[76]

When I was between 4 and 6 I would be playing in my room and hear someone talking to me. Their normal voice was like screaming though, and it freaked me out to the point where I would be in tears asking it to just whisper.

I would also be woken up at night by this my parents would always tell me it was just nightmares, but as soon as we moved from the house I never heard the voice again.

[77]

- >be six
- >sleeping in living room with my big sister after a marathon of Disney films
- >wake up in the middle of the night
- >clear view into the kitchen from where I'm laying
- >watch a woman slowly walk out of the spare bedroom and into the kitchen, then vanish through the backdoor
- >pull the blanket over my head and wait for daylight
- >never been so scared in my life

[78]

I don't really remember enough about this to tell the story properly and I don't think it's really paranormal, but here goes:

- >about 6 or 7, mother takes me to some place fairly far away because she has a meeting related to her work
- >play around outside with a bunch of other kids of different ages while our parents are inside
- >getting late, we start getting bored
- >older kids suggest we go over to the building next door (I think it was a school or factory or something) and explore
- >pretty dark by now, heading towards one of the entrances porch
- >all of a sudden see some huge flying thing fly towards the light on the porch then fall back to the ground
- >we're not too worried, figure it's just a big bat or bird or something but want to have a look anyway
- >get to the porch and under the light is a GIGANTIC moth. Like literally the size of a freaking dog or something.
- >other kids start freaking out
- >it starts fluttering its wings
- >we NOPE out of there

I never really thought about it much growing up because I assumed it was just some really rare giant species of moth or something, but apparently no moth gets that large.

Although, it could've been a Giant Wood Moth. Definitely looked the same, just bigger.

[79]

- >was younger, maybe 6
- >used to wake up early, like still dark early
- >never could sleep so used to go to my mums room and lay there til she woke up for food
- >dressing gown on the back of the door
- >starts moving, only the bottom, no breeze or anything, all windows closed and it's quite warm
- >see moldy looking toes start to appear at the bottom of the

gown

>nope under the covers

[80]

>Be me at four or five years old.

>old two story house, quiet neighborhood small town etc

>stormy outside

>watching storm through bedroom window

>curtain to my back, nose against the pane

>bedroom window overlooks crab apple tree, mother's garden
beyond that

>lightning strikes close enough to illuminate the yard in front of
window.

>huminoid shape standing perhaps two or three feet outside of
window.

>definitely wasn't there before lightning strike

>eyes like black holes, no other features.

>recall as a child thought it was made of lightning.

>stared at him/it for several long moments

>filled with strange sense of fear and loathing for the thing

>whisper to it "I hate you"

>angry grumbles behind me

>my older brother

>"Not you," I say, but explain no further

>no longer feel the urge to watch the storm

>Never saw the thing again, nothing notably spooky happened in
the house since.

[81]

>be in 2nd or 3rd grade, living in Fort Knox, TX

>wake up one day

- >legs aren't working
- >like my bones are made of gum sticks
- >have to crawl around the house, lean against walls for support
- >mom thinks I'm lying
- >this lasted for a week

This is sort of related, but there was a wheelchair in the nurse's office at my school at the time.

When we would go there for medical stuff, my mom would tell me not to sit in the wheelchair or I'll end up having to use one, cause I loved sitting in that thing, I don't know why.

I don't really have an explanation for that but it's something strange I remember. Maybe if you believe something hard enough, your body will believe it too? Any thoughts?

[82]

- >In about first grade
- >Been feeling very dizzy in that particular morning.
- >Light headed, it was a challenge to even get dressed
- >Not passing, try to just focus on my school work, thinking it would pass.
- >Standing up, doing the pledge of allegiance.
- >Suddenly very loud, ear drum bursting ringing in my ear.
- >Followed by incoherent screaming, definitely male, sounded female at times though
- >Hard to make out, but I think it was saying:
- >GET BACKYARD GO! I'M HATE, GOD!
- >Start screaming in pain, holding my ears. Pretty much fall to the fetal position on the floor while teacher flips out
- >Go home for the day, dizziness is completely gone

I never did find out exactly what that was.

[83]

- >first grade, six years old
- >wake up on bus confused, last memory from last night
- >look around bus, no one's there except me and bus driver, who I don't recognize.
- >ohgodimdead.jpg
- >start crying
- >bus is taking me to heaven
- >calm down a bit
- >bus stops where I usually get off.
- >get off, mom's there.
- >MOM'S DEAD TOO?
- >"Anon you fell and hit your head."

Apparently the flue was going around my neighborhood and most kids were out which is why I was the only one on the bus, and occasionally we'd get substitute bus drivers. Still never had any memory recall from beyond waking up on bus, probably why I remember so vividly. And sorry it's not paranormal, but people like the story.

[84]

- >be about 7 years old
- >camping with family and friends, next to a river
- >have the worst flu thing ever
- >take nap
- >have super realistic dream
- >stumbling around and kick ice chest over
- >wake up covered in sweat and start crying
- >go outside to say sorry for knocking chest over
- >nothings wrong and family friend is super confused

Later that night:

- >wake up and start mumbling
- >see things on roof of tent, just stuff there like mud dripping (it's really hard to describe it, but I can still remember it)
- >mom gets meds for me
- >hear children in the river saying "come swim with us" "come join us"
- >I really want to, but I'm too out of it to actually move
- >mom comes back
- >tell her to clean the stuff off the roof
- >gives me my meds and falls asleep
- next day
- >go back home
- >sitting on couch, still really sick
- >I hear people just screaming at each other
- >tell mom and her friend if they could quiet down because headache
- >they werent talking loud or anything
- >hear screaming for the rest of the night

I know it was because I was sick, but looking back on it 15 years later, it kind of creeps me out.

[85]

I can't really greentext it but I have this vivid memory of waking up to find blue stitches up the length of my right index finger. I remember asking my mom about it and she just kind of acted surprised but dodged questions I had.

I asked her about it recently and she doesn't remember it.

It's just clear as day. I remember my room and that house and the feeling in my finger. I don't remember it looking like it was closing

a wound. It was just kind of threaded through my skin.

[86]

- >At my mums (parents are divorced)
- >Can't sleep, tossing and turning all night
- > Hear my name being called out, thought it was my mum
- >Anon, Anon, Annonn
- >Look to my right and on the wall I see a face, it's blue and glowing, like it's attached to the wall
- >It starts staring at me
- >I go under the covers and scream for my mum
- >She rushes in and turns on the light
- >There is no face on the wall anymore.

I slept in my mums bed for about a month after that. I was about 9 at the time but I still remember it vividly. I also user to have re-occurring nightmares for weeks on end.

[87]

This was probably when I was about 5 or so.

- >walking down hallway in our old house
- >hallway opens up into this big living room on one side
- >just walking down doing 5 year old stuff
- >tall long window in the corner of the room which opened up into our own little side way leading to the back yard
- >huge black figure in window staring at me
- >look again for a good 5 seconds and it's still there, just watching me
- >sprint down the hall past dining room section
- >as long as we lived in that house I would run down the hall not

daring to look at the window.

A few weeks later I had an extremely vivid dream where I was downstairs, everything was normal family stuff until I look around and everyone is gone. The black figure is sitting there watching tv with me

I sprint upstairs into my bedroom and as soon as I jump into my bed I wake up crying, hot and sweaty.

[88]

Earliest weird memory I have, I think I was about 5.

- >Shaken awake in the early morning by parents, still dark out.
- >Taken to a massive hospital.
- >Interior of hospital is incredibly bright, white, and sterile.
- >Strange medical machines I've never seen since.
- >Doctors strap me to an exam table and put a needle into my arm.
- >Absolutely terrified.
- >Black out, wake up back at home.

I've asked my parents about it on several occasions, but they have no clue what I'm talking about.

[89]

- >be about 5
- >at uncle's house for easter
- >playing in backyard with cousins and older brother
- >backyard has no fence, just big field stopping abruptly at the edge of some woods
- >cousins and brother go back inside for some food

- >alone for about 3 minutes before a tall, skinny grey man silently leaps out of the woods
- >grey man comes sprinting towards me on all fours
- >looked mostly humanoid, still really skinny and tall but not necessarily enough to be inhuman
- >don't remember a face
- >turn around and book it back to house
- >screaming and crying when i come in the house, vaguely remember everyone laughing at me

I seem to remember finding out it was my uncle who had lept out of the woods, he always used to play tricks on us. However, I remember bringing it up a couple years later at his house again for one of my cousins birthday parties and no one seemed to remember it. My mom looked really concerned when I insisted this had happened. To this day, not a single family member remembers it. but it's so vivid in my mind; I even remember what my easter dress looked like and everything.

[90]

- >be a small kid
- >wake up in backseat of a car
- >I'm the only one in it and the car is driving along a mountain on its own, it's raining outside
- >I look at the front window for a bit, noticing the orange and red of the canyon walls around us and the steering wheel moving on its own
- >Remember distinctly telling myself "Oh right, the computer cars. They drive really good, I'm safe." and I lay back down and fall asleep.

I must've been like 8 years old. Wtf, I don't even recall what happened to me after that, what time or place this "memory" is set in. I can't say if this is while I was moving away or if this was while I was still living in california or what, this is a standalone

memory and I can't figure out where it comes from.

[91]

>5-6

>Live in basement apartment

>Bathroom is at the end of a long hallway leading to the back by the garage.

>Always scared to walk through it because it's dark

>Looking for mom.

>Hear something moving in the bathroom

>"Mom?"

>See silhouette of man on the wall

>Head of a fox or something

>Stand there petrified.

>Mom walks in from outside, she left for a minute to buy milk

[92]

When I was a child I would get a lot of ear infections. I may have been rendered partially deaf by this, or born that way. I've never found out which but I wouldn't be surprised if it was the ear infections that did it. One time I had a particularly bad ear infection, and during it went into a (probably) delirious fever. I was laying in the bottom bunk of the bunk bed that my next eldest brother and I shared, shaking and basically too feverish to even sleep. He'd come into my dark room to see what was up if I called, but otherwise would be in the livingroom talking with aforementioned brother. It was fairly far off as a room, but I could swear that they were yelling and fighting.

They were arguing so loudly that I would try to call out for them to stop it, and every now and then my dad would come back in to

say they're not fighting at all, to go back to sleep. The next day I asked my dad what that was all about, and he insisted nothing happened, they weren't doing anything at all or barely even talking. I asked my brother about it as well, next time I saw him, and he said something to the same effect.

It's not exactly paranormal, I don't think, especially because of the fever, but it was definitely weird and I believe was the first time I experienced something that suggested to my young mind that I cannot trust my own senses.

[93]

[In response to the above.]

Oh man, this kind of gets to me. Not exactly a foggy memory, but always spooked me out.

My dad occasionally worked late/night shifts, so he'd slip into the house and quietly watch TV. I'd often check to see if it was him, not so much to tell him to sleep or anything, just to be sure and head back to sleep.

Weird thing was, some nights I'd hear the TV, always seemed to be the news. I'd head out to the living room still listening for it, and realize there was no light coming from the TV, that I was still alone.

So I'd just be standing there, realizing that the TV was in fact off, that I was alone, and that either I was crazy or not actually alone. Run into bed, engage cocoon-mode.

Looking back, probably tinnitus.

[94]

- >be 5
- >have reccurring nightmare for months
- >scared of going to my grandpa's house
- >the dream always eneded the same way
- >man is lit up in flames and I see in great detail his flesh being burnt off, the man screaming for help
- >Don't tell parents ever

I recently found out that 2 years before i was born there was an incident at my grandpa's house. A man remodelling the place was reckless and caught fire, burning him alive and died in my grandpa's arms screaming for help.

I froze, not sure what correlation there is, but I have a feeling that the man was showing me how he died in my dreams. I started having that nightmare in that house too...

[95]

- >be about 8?
- >alone at home with older sister, she went to go shower
- >she told me to stand outside the bathroom door to wait for her which was parallel to the front door
- >as I stood there, the front door opens even though it was locked
- >chain was on door as well which stopped it from opening completely
- >man sticks his head through, very wrinkly and pinkish face
- >he stared at me blankly and I stared back, petrified
- >after a minute or two of this he closes the door again
- >I bang on door and scream until sister comes out

She vaguely remembers this happening, too. I still wonder what that was.

[96]

- >Be 8-9
- >Be at home on the weekend
- >Brother sister and dad out shopping
- >Me and mum at home
- >Go have a bath
- >Be in there for ages
- >Come out, Get dressed, Check the time
- >Been in bath for 3 hours
- >Call out for mum, No answer
- >Look everywhere, Can't find her
- >Freak out starting to get stormy outside
- >Call my dads mobile, nothing but creepy beeping
- >Get super freaked out, go next door to chill with neighbors
- >No answer at the door, Street completely empty, Starts to rain hard
- >Go back inside, House dark and silent
- >Run out back to call my uncle or grandpa on the phone
- >Notice tv on, mum watching tv, all the lights on
- >I ask "where you been?" She answers "here the whole time, I never left"

Never brought it up with anyone, I don't think they'll remember.

[97]

Not the best story, but freaked me out as a kid.

- >Be me, probably 6-10 years old
- >Be with brother and friend
- >We were little kids with not much to do but go play outside, AKA

break sticks off of trees and have "sword fights" or ride our bikes, etc

>One day we had the idea to build a cave bunker in one of the hills past my home about a half mile or so

>It's the beginning of summer, so nightfall doesn't happen until about 8:00-8:30

>We're out there digging for hours upon hours, and my brother, friend, and I decided to head back home to get something to drink

>On the way back I look at my friend and he's just got the most serious face, and he stops walking

>I ask him "What's wrong? Are you okay?"

>He just points off to about 100 yards away and says "look"

>At first I don't notice anything and my brother says "Oh my god, we need to run home! RIGHT NOW!"

>All the sudden we're running and I still have no clue what for.

>Me being a stupid ass kid thought "They're probably just doing this to try and scare me."

>Decide to quit running, and say "You just are jerks, I'm going to walk back."

>They both scream at me to turn around, so I do.

>About only 30-40 yards away is this big black skinned animal thing.

>The only way I can really describe it is by having human arms, human legs, no genitals, and was running at us on both two feet, and four feet, just switching to whichever was easiest running up/down the hills

>Freak out and sprint down the last hill to my house

>We all start telling my parents, and they just get a worried look and tell us we can't play outside anymore today

>Dad grabs his rifle and pistol and heads out to the field, but tells us he saw nothing.

>To this day, I firmly believe it was a demon.

[98]

>be 7

- >staying at cousins house
- >parents gone out, both of us in bed playing on our gameboys
- >suddenly the clock stops ticking
- >the lights go out
- >we sit perfectly still
- > hear footsteps in the hall, can see out the door and no one is there
- >we both start screaming our heads off
- >eventually the light come back on, clock resumes ticking
- >a few minutes later we work up the courage to run downstairs
- >the babysitter claimed he never heard us screaming

[99]

- >Be 7 years old
- >Dad just died last nite
- >Had cancer and normally slept in the bedroom in between the living room and my room
- > Aunt asks me to put a toy away
- > Do as I'm told
- > Walk by my late fathers room and hear "CINDY" in my dad's voice.
- >Cindy's my mom's name
- >Scared the crap out of me even though it was my dad

[100]

Not my story, but still pretty spooks.

- >be under 10 talking with my friends
- >each of us telling eachother scary stories
- >one friend tells us about this kid he knows
- >apparently this kid's mum used to go to this little girl's house

after school all the time when she was young

>friend's name was Annie, I think

>Annie's mum used to make them cupcakes, then they would go play in Annie's room to play, said goodbye and met again tomorrow

>one day Annie stops going to school

>a couple of weeks pass and this kid's mum gets concerned about her friend

>she visits Annie's house after school to see if she's okay

>she shows up and Annie's mum answers the door

>Annie's mum says, "oh hey, we haven't seen you in a while, where have you been?"

>"I haven't seen Annie in a long time, where is she?"

>Annie's mum engages wtf mode

>"Who's Annie?"

It turns out there never was a girl there at all, the kid's mum met the parents through her parents and used to come over and eat cupcakes by herself in an empty room in the house, I met this kid's mum it happened to.

>me: "Anon told me about Annie, is that true or is it just a joke?"

>she said "Don't worry...i-it's just a joke."

Never thought about until now, but she seemed really weird when answering me, the pause and the stutter, then she just stood there looking off into space for a few seconds and then hurried off to find her kid and left (was at a birthday party). Never saw her or her kids again, also the teachers at her school said she used to play with an imaginary friend all the time at school.

Got another couple stories to share, I can't sleep so why not, also I'm horrible at telling stories, so please bare with me.

>be at school telling stories again

>around same age as before

>my other friend tells us about this time he's mum and her brother thought they were going to die

>so the mum let's name her Vicky, and her brother Dylan were at

a relative's house

- >all the rooms are rather close together but had thick walls and heavy wooden doors

- >so it was late and everybody was asleep in their own beds

- >Vicky and Dylan were alone in the same room together in different beds

- >Dylan wakes up to Vicky jumping into his bed

- >"Vicky what are you doing, I'm trying to sleep."

- >"I could hear noises, I'm scared."

- >they hear a loud bang and then loud scratching, screams, shouting (male), and banging on their door

- >they were both really young at the time so they just hid under the covers

- >after lying there for hours it finally stops

- >the sun was up and the parents woke up

- >one of them bursts through the kids' door freaking out and brings them outside

- >everybody is trying to figure out what happened

The front door was smashed to pieces, the hallway was scratched with a ton of claw marks, the door knob to the kids' room was completely crushed with a human hand print, the door was scratched and had giant fist marks in it, and the door was slightly open.

I had asked Vicky about it and she says she thought she was going to die and they never even tried to draw a conclusion, nothing was stolen and left it at that/ I have one more crappy story to share and then I'll stop, might post some more if I remember them.

- >so this one happened to my grandad's friend

- >now my grandad died before I was born, so I heard this one from my old man when I was around my early teens

- >they used to live in a house that was heavily haunted by non-violent spirits

- >heard fingers tapping where someone used to stand all the time after he died (he used to stand there for literally hours at a time tapping, y'know when one finger lands then the other then the

other etc.) and just other various spooky sounds

>so my grandad, we'll call him tom and his mate Benny were doing some work on the house, nobody was there at the time but them

>it was raining heavily and they figured they were done for the night

>tom decided they deserved some well earned beers for their hard work and went out to get them

>he had told Benny that the house was old and a bit "iffy" so if he heard anything it was fine and not to worry

>Benny knew this house was a bit strange in that way and said "Yeah yeah Tom, don't worry."

>so Tom came back to the house to find Benny outside the house in the pouring rain freezing

>Tom said "What the hell are doing out here, it's pissing down."

>"There's no way in hell I'm staying in there alone again Tom."

Turns out while Tom was out Benny was just hanging around the house when suddenly he saw a chair get dragged lightning fast across the floor to the other side of the room and nope'd out of there, I've never been the this house but really wish I could, it has a lot of history.

[101]

>Be very young, 5 or 6.

>On a family vacation across the pond to England

>Taking a tour of some old medieval ruins.

>Wander off to... I dunno, do toddler stuff.

>Come across an ancient well with a heavily rusted metal grate covering the opening, a couple of rusted ladder rungs attached to the outside.

>Enchanted with my discovery, proceed to throw rocks and grass and stuff through the grate.

>From down below: "Hello?" Voice is quiet, clearly female and clearly English.

>Jump, but otherwise think nothing of the situation, as children are wont to do.

>Me: "Hi!"

>The Well: "It's so nice to see you. What is your name?"

>Tell the voice my name and return the question. The voice responds with a name that I can never remember.

>The Well: "It really is nice to meet you, anon. I never get to see anyone anymore."

>Me: "Why not?"

>The Well: "I'm stuck."

>Me: "How come?"

>The Well: "I fell here a long time ago. I think someone might have pushed me."

>Start to notice a sloshing sound at the bottom of the well. Not tall enough to see over the edge, but it sounds quite far to the bottom.

>Me: "Okay, I'll go tell my mommy and we can help you come out."

>Sloshing stops

>The Well: "No, please, don't go away. I'm scared. It's hard for me to stay here."

>I try to ask why she's scared a couple of times, can't remember getting a straight answer. Instead: "I like you. Do you like me?"

>I say that I do, but starting to get nervous, childhood notwithstanding.

>The Well: "It's dark and lonely down here, but it doesn't ever change. There are places we can go. We can make things."

>Scared but curious, begin to clamber up the iron rungs to see over the edge of the well.

>The Wall: "I've been lonely for a long time. You can help me."

>My eyes clear the edge of the well in time to see the metal grate slowly swing open of its own accord, hinges squealing.

>NOPE.jpg

>Fall off of well, tear off across the ruins looking for Mommy.

>Behind me: splashing, metal squeaking, screaming.

>NOOOOOONONONONOE

[102]

- >be in grades 1-6
- >school was out in the country despite everyone being from the suburbs
- >since school was in country we had just the largest yard out back
- >in far south-east corner there is a house just beyond the fence of the school, maybe 100-120 feet from fence
- >everyday kids would gather in the corner and tell spooky stories about the house. many claimed to hear people screaming from it. Generally brushed off as kids being dinks
- >every now and then a truck would drive from the house, down a side road that ran beside school yard
- >kids would chase to catch a glimpse of the driver but no one ever saw them
- >be a few years later, in high school
- >Telling new friends about weird house out in the country we all thought was haunted
- >"Well let's go check it out anon!"
- >drive out to old school (now a rehab center)
- >go to drive down path too house
- .house seems to have disappeared or at least been torn down
- >decide to drive down the path we had seen the truck drive down to inspect further
- >path cuts off, no evidence of road ever extending further than a few feet, not nearly long enough to go all the way to the back of the school yard
- >wat.nope.jpg
- >call old school friends, all confirm road and house existed
- >noped the nope out of there right quick

[103]

- >be 5 or 6
- >grandpa and bro downstairs
- >grandma in bath
- >go upstairs and it is dark everywhere
- >hear grandma in bath.
- >walk towards bedroom at end of hall
- >dark figure comes saying go downstairs in my grandmas tone
- >wtf.jpg
- >say why? But it moves a little bit closer
- >too scared to turn on light in hall
- >go in bathroom an tell grandma (door is right near stairs)
- >she says its probably your uncle
- >go back out but its still there
- >says it again
- >run downstairs
- > it watches me go downstairs

Creepy. I tell my grandma what happened but she said it was probably your uncle, but I knew he left.

[104]

When I was around 7 I went to this little church in the middle of BFE in NC. I remember that I was getting up to go to the bathroom and as I walked into the hallway where the bathroom was a man in a brown suit with a mustache walked by me. After I used the bathroom and walked back out into the main part of the church I looked for the man but I couldn't find him, I just assumed he left early.

MFW I looked at a picture of the original members of the church in 1934 and the same man was in the picture.

[105]

- >6 or 7 year old me
- >Live in Texas in a nice big house with crappy hot weather
- >Thanksgiving time
- >Family from Illinois come to visit
- >Cousins like to mess with me a lot because I was younger
- >"Good thing we don't live in Texas, because we don't want to get killed by Leatherface."
- >I proceed to ask who he was and the went on describing him
- >I was little so I never saw too many horror films without being a pussy about it, crying and whatnot
- >Sister comes in and tells my cousins to stop or I would tell on them
- >Sit at the table getting ready to eat
- >Look up out the window at the other side of the table and see a vague shadow in the window looking like he was wearing a mask, similar to leather face, a suit pointing at me violently from the edge of the window
- >"Mommy, it's the Texas Chainsaw Massacre guy!!! He's outside the window!"
- >Mom tells me to quiet down and looks at my sister as if she was telling me scary stories and stuff
- >I keep telling everyone to look outside but no one cared and by the time I looked back outside the person was gone

Just screw Texas man, I had the worst time there when I was young. I also remembered there being shadows being outside my window so I'd always keep my window closed or I'd sleep with my parents in their room. By the way my room was on the second floor. But other than that the reason why I hated Texas was because I got really sick and we had to leave for financial reasons and my health.

[106]

>be 7
>grandma tells me to get her medicine from her room
>hallway and room pitch black
>go into room turn light on
>as I get the medicine notice a strange man standing in corner of room
>at first think it older brother cause he does stuff like this to scare me
>man turns around and boom lights go out and im on the floor
>freakout run and tell grandma
>she looks at me like wtf
>tells me I went back to livingroom gave her medicine and went back to her room and didnt say anything

Never went into her room again by myself.

[107]

>Be me
>like, 5 years old
>wake up late one night
>go to get drink
>light at the bottom of the basement steps is shining on the wall across from the doorway
>as soon as I step out of my room see 3 human shadows go across the light on the wall
>Right back to bed, no drink

[108]

>Be 8
>I was asking my mom what I was like when I was younger/infant

- >Tells me some creepy things
- >I apparently talked to ghosts, like I'd be in the room I was in in a crib or something similar, and I'd stare at one particular spot and talk to something
- >Mom noticed and started getting worried
- >Older brother and older sister saw an old lady in a 'beautiful' white wedding dressing sometimes when they'd come upstairs.
- > it'd be at the end of the hall, and always disappear by walking/floating into my room
- >everyone was getting freaked out
- >some old ghost lady was taking care of me
- >we move away
- >hasn't been seen since
- >feel kinda bad for old ghost wedding lady, maybe she liked my company

[109]

- >be me, about 6 years old
- >living in childhood home
- >bed was directly in front of the door, which we kept open
- >started seeing shadow figures distinctly in the darkness, slight aura making out human shapes
- >would always stand in the door way and kind of sway
- >happens a few times a week and never the same figure
- >I would just sit there and stare at them, thinking nothing of it and eventually go to sleep

Looking back, I realize I was a weird kid. Today me would have nope'd out of there. I think that's why I can't go to sleep without closing my door now.

[110]

- >around 3-5 years old
- >on saturday mornings me and my younger bro would run into my parents room in the morning and bother them
- >one time I come in and ask them about some lady
- >they are confused and ask me to elaborate
- >tell them about a lady in white that would stand over me while I lay in bed

[111]

- >5 year old me
- >watched Aliens and had nightmares
- >used to have bad nightmares, and I believed that Xenomorphs would attack me from behind my bed
- >apparently developed this mega creepy sleeping habit of sleeping sitting up all night
- >scared everyone to see me asleep, but sitting almost straight up

- >around same time, had sleep walking problem
- >got up one night and went to kitchen where parents were sitting and chatting
- >asked them where the dog was
- >they thought it was kinda cute
- >I asked again, slowly and angrily "Where's the dog?"
- >They look back and see that the dog is on the deck, staring dead at me.
- >apparently we stared at each other not moving for several minutes, until parents guided me back to bed

God, if I have a kid like me, I'm gonna be scared witless of these episodes.

[112]

- >be 7 year old
- >visiting dying granddad in Mexico
- >i was staying on ranch in the middle of nowhere
- >ranch is surrounded by cacti
- >I went to play on a swing on a tree pretty far from the house
- >nobody around but cousin
- >hear in Spanish, "Anonymous..."
- >wuteveyoneherecallsmeanon.jpeg
- >asked who it was
- >in Spanish, "It is I."
- >silence.avi
- >noped back to crappy dirt house

What was strange to me was the voice had an echo but felt like it was coming from the side of my head. It couldn't be my cousin since the voice sounded male and my cousin is female.

[113]

- >be 7
- >used to live in this old house built by a fort that was used by the French in the 1700's
- >have a wood stove in the basement and a small room in the basement to keep wood in
- >go downstairs to check on the fire one winter late at night because it was freezing
- >check on the fire, it's just some embers
- >look over wood stove and into the wood room
- >there is a freaking guy sitting in the dim room on a chair we had put in there
- >he's facing towards me and slouched on the chair, his arms resting on his knees
- >he's so so pale I can see his skin pretty well in the darkness
- >promptly freak out and run upstairs

>tell my dad what i saw, he freaks out and checks all over the house
>there's a little door in the wood room to make taking in wood easier, dad goes outside of it and checks all over the snow for fresh prints
>nothing

My dad said I was probably just tired and little, but I know what I saw.

[114]

Mom tells me about various ones but these are the 3 I remember so only ones I can be sure happened.

1.

>Run into my Mom's room and shouting there's a fire.
>She runs outside with me (didn't check for fire or ask where?)
>Realizes I'm freaking out and suggests we go back in.
>I'm sitting on the ground in tears saying something like "My family!"

2.

>Mom hears me talking downstairs at like 2am
>Sitting on the couch in the dark
>Talking to people
>Tell them "Don't stare" when mother asks what I'm doing

3.

>Mom hears me sobbing on the toilet
>Comes to check
>Just going "The house?"
>Remember visualizing a house in the snow and cogs turning.
>Most distressing image ever

[115]

- >be me, age 5
- >birthday party at rich friend's house
- >partytime.jpg
- >friend lives in freestanding five-story victorian house
- >biggest house I'd ever been to at that point
- >wander off separately from rest of party to go upstairs
- >hallways are dark, woodpaneled, etc
- >find room full of her cousins
- >play for a bit
- >keep looking around afterward
- >see cat in hallway
- >follow cat
- >find big sunny room with door partway closed
- >push door open
- >where is the cat?
- >person with grayish hands is sitting in an armchair reading a newspaper (that's all I remember)
- >stare
- >person starts to hum aggressively and lower the paper
- >NOPE
- >run out of there
- >try to find room later
- >friend's dad shows me around so I'll stop being scared
- >opens same door
- >it's a much smaller room with only one window and the sun doesn't hit it directly
- >no armchair
- >literally never go inside that friend's house again even when invited
- >spend entire next birthday party sitting outside and/or in bounce house not looking up at windows

[116]

My memory of this is just like watching a movie. I can't remember specific details of the sheets, but the general layout of the room is clear. I make that point because I was 4 (I'm nearly 36 now) and it was one of the most, if not the most, traumatic experience I've ever had.

My mother's boyfriend was out of town on a business trip. We were living in a small house near a lake, but nowhere close to the marina. My mother came in to put me to sleep. She closed and locked my window (which was higher up on the wall than I could reach at the time). She kissed me goodnight and turned off the light.

It wasn't even 10 minutes before my window opened and the most god-awful, monstrous scream was coming from the window. I screamed out. My mother was already on her way in. She asked me what was wrong and noticed the window was open.

"Did you open the window?" she asked, knowing good and well that I wasn't physically capable of it.

"No, mommy." I replied between cries.

She shut the window, locked it again, told me everything was OK, and retucked me in. She started to walk out of the room when the window flew open again and the same, monstrous roar was heard.

We didn't spend another night in that house until her boyfriend got back in town and I vaguely remember moving shortly after that.

Sure, I was 4, but that has always been a vivid memory. I wish I could plug someone into my head, matrix style, so that they could see and hear what I saw.

Interestingly enough, a group of friends and I ended up hearing a similar noise in 7th or 8th grade while playing in some woods near

one of our houses. I don't think I've ever run that fast as we scrambled to get out of the woods.

[117]

As a kid I would always try to sleep with the light on because when the light was off I would see a man standing in my hallway watching me while I was trying to fall asleep. Needless to say at five it freaked me out and more often than not I would end up in bed with my parents because I was too scared to sleep alone. For years I would see him there and my parents said nothing to me about the former owner of the house.

Turns out the guy had a heart attack and died in my room. He had a daughter that was about my age at the time it happened. My parents didn't want to scare me by telling me but I was more worried about this complete stranger watching me all the time.

[118]

>be 2 or 3
>in bed, late at night
>look over at light up painting of Jesus on wall (Lutheran)
>notice Jesus was staring at me, angry face, finger pointing
>noped until my mom came into my room.

[119]

Not really a 'nope' story, but I'll go ahead and tell it anyway 'cause to this day it makes me wonder.

>be me, around 9 or 10 years old
>didn't really have friends, lived in a neighborhood filled with mostly old people
>one day, a family moved in nextdoor (now that I think about it, I never really saw the parents)
>boy my age named Michael
>become best friends with him
>he was pretty cool, drew awesome dragons and comics
>we always played in the forest, however he never came over, and constantly made excuses as to why he wouldn't. never went over to his house either, said his parents wouldn't allow it
>pretty weird, but i didn't question it at that age
>friends with michael for around 6 months, but one day he just vanishes
>pay it no mind, go along with my life
fast forward 8 or 9 years
>talking about memories with my mom, leaving to college in a few days
>bring up something about michael, takes a moment for her to remember who I was talking about
>"Oh, your imaginary friend? now that I think about it, those were some pretty weird times. You mentioned something about a family moving in next door, but that house still remains empty to this day. I remember when you would go off to wherever with 'him', and you always came back acting strangely."
>thought that was pretty weird. changed the topic and eventually had to leave to go do stuff

It's been 3 years since that, and I still feel odd thinking about it. The times I had with him seem too real, and I'm not convinced that he was an imaginary friend. Plus, I'm not the type to have one. When I think back though, it seems really weird that when Michael disappeared, I didn't even question it, nor did I miss him at all. He was a close bud. However, I have to admit that I have no evidence that he was a real person. Feels weird, man.

[120]

As I kid I used to frequently tell my parents about all the dead people and "blobs of people" that would wander around our house. Considering that doors used to slam and lights randomly cut out all the time with no explanation, I'm surprised they didn't just get the out of there.

[121]

I remember a room in our basement.

I never gave any of this any thought until I was older and looked back on it. To be honest its kind of terrifying, and I'm glad that our family does not own the house anymore and that my memories are very limited in detail.

I would sit in this brown couch in the room and just stare at this small portion of wall that had a large closet behind it. It was only the small 3 foot section, and I remember the feeling in my gut that I would get when sitting on the couch. But for whatever reason I would go down there, and I remember that I did it semi-rebeliously, in that I wasn't forbidden, but I would only do it when I was home alone or parents were outside or being babysat.

The only real memory was the time I heard a loud crash upstairs when my parents were cleaning for a party and I escaped down there. the picture of the deer on the wall fell and I ran up the stairs and i remember the smell of vacuum cleaner. Weird, I know.

[122]

Had a big bird doll that sat in a corner of my older sister's room. When you walked in and turned on the light it would laugh and sometimes fall over. Laughed when you left, too.

[123]

My earliest memories are from a few days after my mom and dad finalized their divorce. I used to get really bad nightmares, but the worst experiences were from when I woke up in the middle of the night. Mom and I used to live in an apartment near a lake, and maybe it had something to do with some of the stuff I saw back then:

-One night I woke up and looked at my door. Back then mom and I slept with the bedroom doors open (no AC back then) and I could see what I can only describe as a luminous mass (picture a jellyfish made of light).

-After mom and dad divorced she went through a period where she became really overprotective of me (dad was a cokehead with a mean streak and threatened to kidnap me), and went as far as to consult a Santeria Priestess. I'd always find weird statues around the apartment, crosses made out of sticks inside my pillows, and stuff like that. One night I woke up and saw my bed surrounded by what I can only describe as faceless people dressed in white (as many do during Santeria ceremonies).

Needless to say, my childhood was 2spooky4me.

After a few years, mom met my current stepdad and we moved to a suburb in the same town, still near the lake (the lake is actually a man-made construct that's really the remains of the wetland that used to make up that part of where I live). Even after mom quit the Santeria and all of that weird stuff happened.

-One night as I slept I felt a hand tugging on my blanket. Years

later I heard stories about a disembodied hand that would attack people in their sleep.

-One day I got home early from school and was all alone. I was playing with my Legos when I saw someone in my backyard through my window. I remember seeing a guy in a blue jumpsuit (like the ones worn by some American Airlines employees) walking from one side of my yard to the other. I shut my windows and locked myself in my room. When mom got home I told her about what I saw and she checked the yard. Nothing was out of place. She talked to my next door neighbors, but they hadn't seen anything either. All I know is that my dog was really nervous too.

-I'd sometimes see random body parts (mostly legs) around the house. I'd never see a whole body or even a face. They'd all have pasty white skin.

I thought the experiences would stop as I got older. It was during my college days that I woke up in the middle of the night because someone screamed in my ear.

I was alone in my bedroom.

[124]

When I was young, a large, foreboding figure of a man, dark but soft in a static interference sort of way, would enter my room and stand at a distance from me, just staring. He always brought with him some beast on a leash or chain. I used to describe it as a crocodile, but it was largely alien and shapeless.

The beast was as dark and static-y as the figure. They weren't black, either. Dark, but almost every color at once? Like staring into the shapes we see when we close our eyes. I had these visions/dreams consecutively for a few months, maybe a year. It was weird and not entirely a scary thing. I once told the story to

my brother and his friends during a sleep over and they were freaked out.

[125]

My parents have been divorced for many years and live in different parts of the state. One night when I was 4 or 5 I went to sleep and woke up in my other bedroom at the other parent's house.

[126]

Don't know if it's really scary or paranormal, but I think it's creepy.

When I was about 8 years old there was a period where I would sleep walk. We live with the forest right out from our front door, maybe 10 meters from the porch.

Anyway, there was a month where I would walk outside and into the forest, my parents heard the front door and always brought me inside again. This was in the fall so kinda chilly outside too.

This happened about 5-6 times before it suddenly stopped again. Never sleep walked outside before it and never done it after. Everytime my parents woke me up I remember having this strong feeling of importance towards something in the forest, that there was a really good reason and I had to go there at that very moment, but I could never remember why.

Probably just some weird recurring dream, but I still think it's kinda creepy.

[127]

I believe I saw Death as a kid.

- >walking through supermarket with mom
- >get lost for a couple minutes, no biggie since I was always a calm kid in these situations
- >looking for security so they can find my mom
- >fast walk past an aisle, quickly glance down it
- >see man in his 50s, bald, somewhat fat
- >huge figure (much taller than the average human), anorexic, covered in thin black cloth, almost like black gauze
- >figure was standing right behind man, almost touching his back, with it's body arched forward (sort of covering the man from behind)
- >I jumped as I saw this, looked back and it was gone
- >I remember the details more vividly than many other childhood memories

[128]

- >Two story house. My brother is like 5, I'm about 7.
- >Parents' room is at the other end of the hallway from our rooms.
- >He and I go upstairs, and we both notice that the door to our parents' room is closed (it usually isn't) and the doorknob is shaking.
- >We decide to investigate despite being a little spooked.
- >We open the door and sitting on the bed is a little boy, kind of stereotypical ghostly bluish, semi-transparent with a slight glow.
- >He's wearing a baseball uniform, baseball cap, and a baseball bat in his right hand resting on his right shoulder.
- >He turns and looks at us, and we immediately slam the door shut and bail.
- >We run downstairs to tell the parents, they follow us back up,

open the door, and there's nothing.

[129]

>Be like 3 years old
>Sleeping with parents
>~3:00 am
>Fall from bed
>Mother wakes up
>"anon, you ok? What happened?"
>"There was a lady standing at the other side of the bed"
>"..."
>"A lady? You sure? Weren't you dreaming?"
>"No, I was awake"
>"..."
>"What did she look like?"
>"She was wearing a black dress"
>"Did you see her face?"
>"No. She was wearing [something like] a black veil."
>"..."
>"Weren't you scared?"
>"No, because she was watching you (my parents); she didn't bother me"
>"..."
>"Why did you fall from bed?"
>"I was going to call brother, but I slipped"

This is a story my mother told me. I don't remember anything about it.

[130]

>Be three years old

- >Baby monitor in the room
- >Mum hears me singing
- >Asks me why am I singing
- >I say it was the lady telling me to
- >She said what lady
- >I pointed to the monitor

[131]

This happened to me when I was like 5. I'm 32 years old now.

- >Be me
- >Have to sleep in same room, different beds with sister
- >My sister was always afraid of the dark
- >She woke me up everytime she wanted to go to the bathroom
- >Always waited for her outside the bathroom door, in the middle of the dark
- >One night she wakes me up.
- >"Hey anon... can you see that? w-who's that?"
- >I open my eyes
- >An old lady is standing by the door
- >She is surrounded by children, all of them facing her.
- >She is saying in a very gentle voice "come... come here", while waving her hand
- >Her hand is old and thin, almost skeletal
- >Some children are hugging her, none of them turn to face us, or acknowledge us
- >She looks like Pic related, but her robes were all black.
- >She keeps saying "come... come here" while waving her almost skeletal hand
- >I am petrified, my sister is speechless
- >She is blocking the entrance, but somehow we bolt out of the room, barely passing by her side
- >We go to our parents room, which is just next door.
- >"Mom! Dad! there is someone in our room!!"
- >My dad wakes up immediatly, my mom too.

- >We go outside and the old hag is there, still waving her hand, still saying "Come... Come here"
- >We tell them crying "She is there Dad!! in the door!!"
- >My parents look confused
- >"There is no one there, anons"
- >"But she is Dad! Mom! she is saying she wants us to go with her!"
- >Parents gaze at the door, keep insisting that nobody is there, but you can tell they are getting freaked out, their two kids seeing things
- >We slept that night in my parents' room

The old lady never showed up again. I wanted to dismiss this as something I imagined or dreamt, but my sister vividly remembers it, and my parents too, to the detail. We rarely speak about that incident. I still feel a chill from my spine whenever I remember that night. The closest thing I've got to know about her identity is an old character from Russian folklore, Baba Yaga. And I'm not even really sure that was her.

[132]

- >be 4 or 5, driving up to my uncle Milo's farm with my parents for a week that included the fourth of July and my birthday
- >I was absolutely ecstatic the whole way
- >several of Milo's kids are at my grandparent's cabin way up in the UP Michigan, 200+ mile detour
- >we had to go pick them up
- >dad decides to bug off to the farm with my brother because going up there would be a mission and it was already getting dark
- >plus I was being obnoxious
- >my mother and I take the truck and drive up through the heavily forested boulder-ridden hills and old rock formations around the cabin
- >full moon, stars still breathtaking due to distance from any cities
- >about 30 miles from the cabin, approaching a ridge line

overlooking a small lake

>coming around bend

>three baby bears come BOOKING IT straight down the road, can hear their wailing even in the truck

>mom slows down and puts on her brights, momma-bear can't be too far (I loved to observe animals and think about them)

>after a few minutes of driving slowly, guess we missed momma-bear

>start up the incline that led up the bluff, turn a corner

>theres a huge owl in the middle of the road that ruffles its wings and stares into the brights which she switched to low after we spotted it

>mom slows down to a crawl and honks at it about 10 feet away

>owl keeps staring, turns its head slightly

>flies up suddenly and scrapes the windshield lightly with its claws causing me to scream

>spooed.jpeg

>continue on - road is fairly new, can tell the bluff had been neatly cut by explosives and the local ecosystem hadn't relocated on top of it yet

>road feels really barren and devoid of life, mom continues at a mediocre pace due to the spooop and just 10 feet of rock and dirt in place of a guard rail between us and a several dozen foot cliff

>on the way down the cliff, a small landslide had blocked part of the road with rocks and a small tree

>mom stops the truck and tells me she's going to go pull the tree out of the road (she's a strong woman), reaches across to the glove compartment and pulls out this gigantic chrome handgun in a holster

>straps it on her hip and and opens the door

>successfully pulls the tree over the cliff and it slides down into the foliage

>walks back to the truck and climbs in, when door slams she lets out this shriek

>hits the gas and jets forward, at the same time I hear another horrifying sound that sets me on edge

I don't know how else to describe it other than screaming, but

like... inhaling instead of exhaling.

- >truck swipes a boulder and knocks out a headlight shortly after, slowing us down
- >what is going on!?
- >I look through the back window, mom tells me to close my eyes
- >forget that
- >NOPE
- >gigantic bear tearing towards us as the heavy truck struggles to get speed
- >scream
- >it makes this weird inhale scream again
- >realize its head is wrong
- >its face was bony and bloody ragged, looked more like molting antlers than a bear face, except it was shaped like a bear
- >and its mouth
- >I thought it had eaten a porcupine and gotten horribly mangled by quills
- >when I realized they were teeth, I remember it so vividly
- >scream and close my eyes
- >mom tells me to hit the floor
- >mom, still driving, pulls out the handgun and shoots twice
- >first one misses, second time I could -hear- material get ripped from the thing's mass
- >thing shrieks again
- >hit sharp turn, road goes between two hills and another cut bluff, mom scrapes the wall and breaks off the side mirror on the passenger side
- >mom floors it down the hill, thing still galloping towards us
- >road corrects north, we see it follow around the curve as the road straightens out
- >eventually lose it in the darkness and shadow coming from the trees

Neither of us spoke til we got to the cabin. My grandmother took one look at the vehicle, asked if we had seen the owl. My mom said yes, and grandma tutted.

[133]

- >best age of 5
- >mom tells me to go outside to play.
- >okay.exe
- >explorin' the back yard
- >find this ball with a star on it
- >awhyeah.jpg
- >start tossing it on the roof and catching it
- >mom hears. "Anon, what you doing?"
- >"Playin' catch."
- >she stares blankly at me for a while.
- >come inside, leave the ball outside.
- >being a good kid, I did so

Evidently, that ball had belonged to a kid who died at that house previously. She claimed to have thrown it away before we moved in.

Same guy. I've got more. Sometime later. Like weeks or so.

- >outside again summer time
- >playing on a swing set
- >swing up high, see something
- >go to corner of yard see a pile of grey stuff
- >think it's dirt, remember I am 5
- >brush it away, see something inside of it
- >it's the ball, faded like hell.
- >take it to the hose to clean the "dirt"
- >mom hears me turn the spigot
- >"What are you doing?" she asks
- >she comes outside to look
- >I can see her silently flip out
- >leave that there and come inside.

She had apparently, along with her boyfriend at the time, burned the hell out of this ball in a bonfire some time before, after the

previous incident.

Adventures of the Ghost Ball 3: Night Drive.

My grandparents lived outside of Drumright Oklahoma. We'd go down there for trips occasionally and for holidays. This happened on the way back home from one such trip.

- >chilling in the middle seat
- >single cab truck
- >late as hell
- >never been up past 11
- >feeling like a big kid
- >suddenly we pull off of the main road
- >Mom's boyfriend says he has to piss.
- >decide I probably should go to
- >mom says no adamantly and grabs me
- >holds me in the truck.
- >stops me from looking out
- >from the sounds, he wasn't taking a piss
- >hear a loud popping sound
- >then sounds of a shovel.
- >mom turns on radio. I fall asleep.
- >Fast forward like two weeks.
- >Big brother comes to visit. We outside.
- >playing tag. Trip over something in the yard.
- >was a mound of loose dirt and something
- >dig it up
- >returnoftheball.cgi
- >look at it, has an x painted on it
- >think it's neat, go show mom.
- >I thought she liked playing hide and seek
- >she gets really pissed this time
- >blatantly yells to boyfriend about the ball
- >he comes in, "Where'd you get that?"
- >he sees painted on X
- >he throws his hands up, "I'm done."

I got to keep the ball for the rest of our time there. I wonder if it's

still there to this day.

[134]

Back when I was about 4 years old (yes, I can remember back that far pretty clearly). There was this huge storm in our area that knocked the power out. This was the first time experiencing a big storm so as a kid I was stoked and fearless. I thought it was awesome. (helped my dad replace the fuses on the front porch, why they were there? no idea)

It was lmost time for bed, and the power was still not on. We had dinner by candle light. Dad told me to go put my shoes away in my room. I go in there, it's super dark, and I throw my shoes at the end of my bed.

I look up and see something under my covers of my bed. As if a small child, shorter than me, was standing under the blanket. I get creeped out, and get my dad. He comes in, and sees it. Dad freaks out, and jumps on it - nothing was there. It never came back, but from that day on, I had a morbid fear of the dark and or ghosty things.

[135]

- >be 5-6 years old
- >playing with baby powder
- >squeezing the container to make puffs of "smoke"
- >container top comes off
- >powder spills over the floor
- >go to get a broom so no one will know what I did
- >come back in the room
- >what appears to be chicken footprints are in the powder

- >chicken footprints go to the bathroom, outside of the spill
- >I never went in the direction of the bathroom either
- >remembered feeling scared and had a hard time sleeping alone in my room

So many strange things happened in that house.

[136]

OP again, got one from one of my Mexican friend's mom back when my friend and I were kids and I'd come over. This is when she was young, in Mexico. Of course, her way of telling it puts greentext to shame.

- >Be 6-ish
- >Live near Mexico City
- >Live in a little village/city with a river through it(she wasn't clear.)
- >Summertime
- >Can play until it gets dark
- >She and her best friend at the time are playing near the river, getting kinda dark
- >Having a good time with her friend, along with all the sentimental stuff (Lets be best friends forever! Yuck....)
- >Sit down near river to relax, talking
- >Hear a woman from the little reedy area in front of them across river
- >Can't make out what she's saying
- >Not worried b/c it's a small place where people know each other and they're lottle kids
- >Call out to her
- >"We can't hear you Missus, what's up?"
- >The voice creepily asks "Are you my children?"
- >Finally start worrying
- >"No...who are you?"
- >"You must be my children...you have to be!"

- >She says she and her friend froze in horror as a nasty, rotten looking hand with a white, dirty sleeve started reaching out of the reed/plants
- >Run to her home
- >Both crying hysterically and trying to tell mom what happened
- >When she does understand, mom gets dead serious, locks the door and shuts the windows, tells them all to keep quiet
- >Starts praying and using salt near openings
- >Keeps them in over the night
- >They hear scratches and a women crying
- >Wake up shaky in the morning
- >Her friend goes to her own house, when she tells her parents news spreads and the whole area is too afraid to let their kids out even in the evening

She used to tell me stories when I would come over as a kid, this is a scary one she saved for Halloween.

[137]

- >be 7-9
- >I visit my cousin who lives on the other side of San Diego
- >he's a single child, btw
- >we play and have fun, kids stuff
- >he has a pet tarantula, first time I ever held one
- >so eventually we play tag or something involving me catching him
- >he runs upstairs into the main bathroom
- >locks it
- >so me being 7-9 look under the door to ask him to come out cause it's cheating to lock the door
- >I ask him to unlock the door
- >his feet are visible like he's sitting on the toilet
- >silent for about a minute
- >I don't know how but he comes out of his mom's bedroom
- >he says he had to poop so he went to his mom's bathroom

- >his mom calls us to dinner
- >he runs to the table, but before leaving I check under the door
- >he's still sitting there motionless
- >at that time of my life I was an extremely stupid kid, so I disregard logic and go eat dinner with them
- >we drive home with clone kid silent the whole time, so is his mom
- >they drop me off at my place, I tell my mom, who doesn't believe me
- >I never saw them or heard of them again
- >no one in my family remembers or acknowledges them
- >my mom has excellent memory, and she doesn't even remember it
- >mfw I'm the only guy who remembers I had a playdate with a clone kid

[138]